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AN APPEAL

FOR

THE FUTURE PRESERVATION

OF

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THE HOME AND GRAVE

OF

Washington.



PHILADELPHIA:
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THE
PRESERVATION OF THE BIRTH-PLACE
OF
WASHINGTON.

APPEAL TO THE LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

LADIES, to the rescue! Manufacturing speculators have offered \$200,000 for Mount Vernon—that spot, dear, as it *should be*, to all *American hearts*, is to be sold to the highest bidder! An *American Congress* has virtually declined to purchase it, and Virginia, who holds within her boundaries the *sacred* ashes of *our* Washington, joins in the refusal; and it now behooves the *women* of the nation to come forward to its rescue. Some months since, a noble-hearted, patriotic “southern matron” perceived the grandeur and the feasibility of raising funds for its purchase by the ladies; and nobly have her southern sisters seconded her efforts. And, while the sacred, solemn spot, where Washington prayed, and died, and was buried—which awes into reverence even the foreigner, and causes his heart to thrill with emotion—while this is in danger, shall *we of the North* stand idly by and permit *his* home to be sacrificed upon the altar of Mammon, forever to resound with the din of hammers, and vibrate with the clatter of the loom and the wheel? That the pure air it was his delight to breathe when he went forth to meditate shall become thick and black with an eternal smoke, as if it were the entrance to Hades’s self? Let us rise as *one* woman, and, in the strength of our united womanhood, decide that this shall not be. The sum which is required to save it,

seems large—startling, at first—but what is it to a *nation* of women? Let it not be said that the women of Philadelphia shrink from contributing to this glorious cause. Here, where there is so much to remind us of the great deeds of that noble man, whose memory we all delight to honor—let it not be proclaimed to the world that Washington is uncared for, forgotten—and that *we*, by refusing our aid, have permitted the votaries of Mammon to rear their altars on the very spot where *he* worshipped the pure and living God! Let it not be said that *republican women* are ungrateful! To *you*, ladies, we turn; to you, who reverence the noble dead—who retain some admiration and remembrance of exalted worth when they are *no more*. Can you, *will* you look heedlessly on, while the *home* and the *grave* of a Washington passes into the hands of speculators—and, with all the sacred associations that cluster around it, behold it become the seat of manufacturers and manufactories? It cannot, *must not be!* We only *ask* one dollar, but we trust to the *generosity* of those whose means are abundant. Mothers! encourage your children to join in your contributions. Many a patriotic little heart would throb, and bright eye glisten, for the privilege of giving their mite and enrolling their name among the contributors.

We solicit the aid of your fathers, husbands, and brothers, and we confidently hope that Philadelphia will, out of the abundance of her wealth, greatly augment the sum for the purchase of Mount Vernon. If we succeed in purchasing it, it will be conveyed in trust to the President of the United States and the Governor of Virginia, to be preserved and improved in our names, as a hallowed resort for all people; and that for its continued preservation and improvement a trifle be charged for each visitor. Everything connected with this enterprise—names, residence, sum, and services of either sex—will be registered and kept at Mount Vernon as a record for our descendants. Should we fail in the *purchase*, we then wish to erect a *mausoleum* over the sarcophagus (the gift of a noble Philadelphian) which contains the sacred ashes of Washington, and preserve *them*, at least, from desecration.

When the nation, through the voice of its representatives, refuses to do honor to him who, by his wisdom, foresight, privation and suffering, bequeathed to its children the blessings of this glorious republic; when it neglects to protect the home and hallowed

remains of him who braved *his* life that *they* might enjoy the blessings of freedom—then, is it not a fitting time that the women, possessing the spirit of their revolutionary mothers, should fearlessly show to the world that by *them*, at least, Washington is “praised, wept, and honored in the land he loved!” Come, then, my sister patriots, join by your generosity in protecting, for all future time, the home of the “Father of his Country!” You that have an abundance, give freely; and you that have *but a mite*, remember the widow of old. Heaven will smile approvingly, and an admiring world resound your praise to its utmost boundaries!

AMERICANA.

Phil. Evening Bulletin, Sept. 18.

The attention of the writer of the above appeal, was first attracted to this subject by an article in the *Evening Bulletin* signed “Veritas,” and which elicited the following address to the “Southern Matron,” and which was published, at her instance, in an Augusta paper, as given below.

[From the “Chronicle and Sentinel,” Augusta, Georgia]

MOUNT VERNON.

The following address to the “Southern Matron,” from an accomplished lady of Philadelphia, would, methinks, waken into enthusiasm every woman whose patriotism or sensibilities were not entirely blunted. It needs no preface from us—it speaks for itself.

MADAM: In the “Evening Bulletin” (April 29), of this city, I noticed a plan projected by “A Southern Matron” for the purchase of Mount Vernon, that sacred spot, endeared to all true American hearts, by its hallowed associations with the Father of our glorious Republic. I am rejoiced that a way seems to be opened by my Southern sisters to avert the stigma which would assuredly attach itself to this nation, if Mount Vernon, with the sacred ashes of *our* Washington, were permitted to fall into the hands of speculators.

My object in addressing you is, to request that you will forward me subscription papers, with directions how to proceed in procuring aid for this most laudable object. I am confident that I can collect by *individual* subscription, a sum worthy of being transmitted to you.

I hope that no "reasons of a political nature" may operate to exclude the ladies, north of Virginia, from co-operating, by individual exertions, with those of the South in the purchase of a spot equally as dear to hearts nurtured in the cold rigid clime of the North, as to those matured by the genial influence of a Southern sun; and, though differences of a sectional character too often, alas, disturb the affection which ought to exist between us, yet those differences are not so widely spread as our Southern brethren seem to imagine. The large majority are strongly opposed to anything which tends to mar the tranquillity of our common country, and are devotedly patriotic, desiring only that the bond of brotherhood may be more firmly strengthened with increasing years. A few fanatics may rant and riot, but "higher law" men and principles have not yet triumphed, and I doubt if they ever will. Our fathers fought side by side, and this Union was cemented by their blood—why should *we* strive to destroy this dear bought legacy! Let us, like that honored patriot, Daniel Webster, "know no North, no South, no East, no West."

As I pen these lines, within sight of that glorious Hall from whose walls was proclaimed our Independence, my heart is stirred with a more ardent desire for the perpetuity of our happy Union; and I never pass this hallowed spot, but I breathe a silent prayer for a continuance of the blessings bequeathed to us by our forefathers from the "Hall of Independence." God grant that the efforts of a "Southern Matron" may be one more link in the chain which shall forever bind us in a happy Union!

We believe that all will rejoice that this lady is an honorary member of the Georgia Central Committee, and will act in concert with them.

[Extract from the "Evening Bulletin," April 29.]

The "Southern Matron," we are very confident, will gratefully receive any offerings from her Northern sisters.

The South acts by *States*, in order to secure certain regulations in the hoped-for purchase, bearing on the faithful execution of the "deeded trust" to Virginia, which renders this the only mode to obtain it. For reasons of a political nature, needless to detail here, this could not be extended beyond that region (Virginia, we know, would not permit it); therefore, the aid of patriotic ladies of the North must be either by individual voluntary offering, or else by "Associations." As the names, residence, and sums given by every subscriber are, however, to be published in a volume, to be deposited at Mount Vernon, arranged for the contributors of each State, as a record and lasting memorial of patriotism for their descendants; this will place the names of Northern ladies side by side with those of their Southern sisters, to be handed down to admiring posterity together.

We earnestly recommend this noble cause to all that is patriotic and generous in the ladies of Philadelphia; patriotic, because it will be a beautiful tribute to the long-neglected memory of the Father of their country; generous, because it will be, as it were, extending the olive-branch of sympathy and kind feeling toward those who, all must admit, have had too much reason to feel aggrieved by the acts and speeches of many of our Northern representatives, and those of a large, reckless body of agitators who are widely spread over our land.

VERITAS.

The above explains with whom the project originated for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and embodies the mode of procedure and organization of committees, associations, &c. Some modification of the original plan may possibly be adopted for these Northern latitudes. The following is the *original* appeal from the high-souled lady who conceived the moral grandeur and beauty of hallowing Mount Vernon, in its purchase by womanly affection, devotion, and generosity, and that it was peculiarly *woman's* duty to secure it against *all* unhallowed desecration.

Succeeding in the purchase, our intention is to leave the mansion as it now is, only keeping it in necessary repair; to beautify and improve the grounds, and to erect, in time, a *mausoleum*, of some appropriate design, over the long-neglected tomb of *him who was, and ought to be*, "first in the hearts of his countrymen!" We also propose that, whenever monuments are to be erected to the memory of distinguished Americans, Mount Vernon should be selected as the most, and *only* appropriate spot in the Union, for honoring the noble dead! We make the suggestion, and accord the privilege.

TO THE LADIES OF THE SOUTH.

A descendant of Virginia, and now a daughter of Carolina, moved by feelings of reverence for departed greatness and goodness, by patriotism and a sense of national and, above all, of Southern honor, ventures to appeal to *you* in behalf of the "Home and Grave" of Washington.

Ladies of the South, of a region of warm, generous, enthusiastic hearts, where still lingers some unselfish love of country and country's honor, some chivalric feelings yet untouched by that "*material spirit*" so rapidly overshadowing the morals of our beloved land—a moral blight, fatal to man's *noblest* attributes, and which love of money and speculations alone seems to survive—to you we turn, you, who retain some reverence for the noble dead, some admiration and remembrance of exalted worth and service, even when they are *no more!* Of you we ask: Will you, can you, look on passively, and behold the home and grave of the matchless patriot, who is so completely *identified with your land*, sold as a possession to speculators without such a feeling of indignation firing your souls, as shall cause you to rush with one heart and spirit to the rescue?

Ladies of the South, can you still, with closed souls and purses, while the world cries "Shame upon America," suffer Mount Vernon, with all its sacred associations, to become, as is spoken of and probable, the seat of manufacturers and manufactories, noise

and smoke, and the "busy hum of *men*," destroying all sanctity and repose around the tomb of *your* own world's wonder? Oh, it cannot be possible!

What! such sacrilege, such desecration, while you have the hearts to feel the *shame*, and the *power* to prevent it! Never! Forbid it, shades of the dead, that the pilgrims to the shrine of true patriotism should find *thee* forgotten and surrounded by blackening smoke and deafening machinery, where money, money, only money, ever enters the thought, and gold, only gold, moves the heart or nerves the arm.

Once, our Congressional Halls were the resort of wisdom, integrity, and patriotism; where enlightened heads and upright hearts, sought to fulfil their official obligations by comprehending and faithfully executing the "glorious code of laws," which bound us into one common country; also by vying with each other who should add most to that country's weal at home and glory abroad. Washington, and his principles, and his spirit, appear no longer to influence the city which bears his name. Oh, who that have a spark of patriotism, but must mourn such early degeneracy, when they see who fill our legislative *halls*, and crowd our Metropolis! Who can restrain a pang of shame, when they behold the *annual rush* thither of jobbers and bounty seekers, of office aspirants and trucklers, of party corrupters and corrupted, all collecting like a flock of vultures to their prey—prowling amidst and polluting the grave high purposes of legislation.

Ladies of the South! should we appeal to such as *these* to protect the grave of Washington from the grasp of the speculator and the worldling! And should we appeal either to, or through your senators and representatives? What have they done, or would or could do, in that mephitic air?

No, it is to *you*, mothers and daughters of the South, that the appeal can be made with a hopeful confidence. It is woman's office to be a vestal, and even the "fire of liberty" may need the care of her devotion and the purity of her guardianship. Your hearts are fresh, *reverential*, and animated by lively sensibilities and elevating purposes. With you, therefore, patriotism has not yet become a name. And should there ever be again "times to try men's souls," there will be found among and of you, as of old, heroines, superior to fear and selfish consideration, acting for

country and its honor. Believing this, one of your countrywomen feels emboldened to appeal, in the name of the mother of Washington, and of Southern feeling and honor, to all that is sympathetic and generous in your nature; to exert itself, and by your combined effort *now*, in village and country, town and city, the means may be raised from the mites of thousands of gentle hearts, upon whom his name has yet a magic spell, which will suffice to secure and retain his home and grave as a sacred spot for all coming time.

A spontaneous work like this would be such a *monument* of love and gratitude as has never yet been reared to patriot or mortal man, and while it would save American honor from a blot in the eyes of a gazing world, it would furnish a shrine where at least the mothers of the land and their indignant children, might make their offerings in the *cause* of the greatness, goodness, and prosperity of their country.

It is known to you that Congress has virtually declined to purchase and preserve Mount Vernon in behalf of the nation. Yet there is now a necessity for immediate action, as schemes are on foot for its purchase, and its devotion to money-making purposes. It is therefore respectfully and earnestly suggested to you, and by one who, in her descent, inherited the sympathies and reverence of those who were once in the social relations of life with the "Father of his country," that the ladies by general contribution, each a mite, furnish the amount sufficient for the purchase of Mount Vernon; that the property be conveyed in trust to the President of the United States and the Governor of Virginia, to be preserved and improved in your name as a hallowed resort for all people; that, for its continued preservation and improvement, a trifle be charged each visitor; and that your contributions to effect these noble ends may be gathered in to the Governors of your States respectively, to be remitted to the Governor of Virginia, with authority and direction to make the purchase.

A SOUTHERN MATRON.

[From the "Washington Union," April 27.]

TO THE LADIES OF THE SOUTH.

We are gratified to have it in our power to announce to you that the "cause" we had the honor to present in December last for your patriotic support, after a sleep so death-like, that it required all our moral courage and Southern pride to sustain unceasing exertions for it, is now exhibiting a life and vitality which bid us hope it will have the power at last to reach Mount Vernon. Three States are interested, and proportionately active. Some of the first minds and hearts of both sexes, alive to the moral beauty and grandeur of that which has no counterpart in the past or present of other countries, are devoting time, talent, and means to carry it in triumph to its great end. We hear of increasing interest, which promises needed extension; but, whether from partial publications or inattention, there seem to exist many misapprehensions about its object, state of progress, nature of the present organization (the first having been superseded), where and to whom to apply for information, and what to do when sufficiently interested to desire to labor with us.

We are aware that this is partly our fault. Being desirous of avoiding an unnecessary publicity, and expecting even *ere this* to have formed an "associated body," with which to share or resign our position and labors, we considered the fact of being "sole director" of the enterprise we started by our exertions, need not be known beyond those *officially* concerned. This has bewildered those unfamiliar with the movement, and even weakened the efficiency of the new organization, which went into operation on the 10th of March. For the benefit, therefore, of those not sufficiently informed; to procure that *discipline as necessary to success as generosity itself*; to point out to our sisters of other States who are, or may be hereafter, desirous of becoming associated with us, not only how to act and organize, where and to whom to apply for requisite information and papers, but, in short, to show the relative *powers* and *duties* within our organization, and how enlarged souls, whose enthusiasm may induce them to put forth any amount

of exertion, can do so within proper limits, we have felt it an imperative duty to publish an embodiment of the present plan.

The mode of action proposed by our "Appeal" of December we found impracticable. We have adopted the one now in use from some suggestion of the gallant editor of the "Mobile Herald and Tribune"—one of the first to speak for the cause, and whose eloquent pen has again and again been exerted to awaken dormant patriotism. Apart from its superior discipline and efficiency, it gives all duties to ladies, who, it is to be supposed, will bestow more time and labor upon their own undertaking than could be expected from others.

The organization comprises three (3) departments: A "central head;" a "central head" for each State; and "Associations."

In the central head of this undertaking (as in all others of the kind) must be concentrated the powers necessary for its entire direction *during its progress*, and the execution of all its *final duties* within woman's sphere. To it will be communicated, through the "central heads" of the several States, all information of the progress and action of States. Having but *specified objects* in view, those who unite with us are considered, by so doing, to have given their adhesion to them; therefore, no collateral subjects will be suffered to enter and distract our *concentrated energies and purposes*. Whatever consultations may arise in the fulfilment of the obvious duty undertaken are to be held with the "Ruling Committee" of the States—the usual rules governing in such cases. We hope soon to establish a "Southern Central Committee" (associated with ourself, more or less, as the *good* of the cause demands), to occupy the position we have held and will hold until this can be accomplished. The organization is *complete* without it; but, *as it would be more active and effective*, it is very desirable, especially as it would be the principal source of *issue* and *deposit* for all needed publications. To it, therefore, must applications be made by *States arousing into action* for information and publications for use. Its establishment will be publicly announced, so that all may know its location and perform the respective duties. In the *interim*, the present "director" can be communicated with through the "State Committees;" and from these, for the present, papers can be obtained. In the "State Committee" are concentrated all the powers necessary to be exercised for this en-

terprise *in the State*, the direction of the minor details arising from the duties attending individual or associated action, the authority to receive the "reports" of associations and individuals taking subscriptions, and to it must be consigned the funds collected, and finally the names, residence, and sum of every subscriber. It is bound to issue all papers necessary for use, or to convey knowledge, and excite interest and action in the State (although it can accept of assistance from generous associations). The "subscription papers" designed for the whole South having been published, it is expected hereafter that all will obtain and use them. It is to make "reports" (twice a month, if not oftener) to the "central head" of the state of affairs—as to sums subscribed, &c. ; to keep names and funds, subject to the call of the "central power." To prevent any jealousy—(which, we trust, as this is a *patriotic* undertaking *in honor of the illustrious dead*, will *for once* keep its hideous presence from amongst us, though we are an association of those whose weakness and folly have made it considered one of our peculiar characteristics)—as to *whom* and *where* this "central power" and honor should fall, we have incorporated an etiquette which, if strictly observed, will render such a feeling too unreasonable to be exhibited. Reflection will show that it would be impossible to decide it by *moneyed action*, for that would require a *whole State* to finish its donations, in order to ascertain what town, &c., bestowed *the most*, ere it could have its affairs systematically administered! We conceived that the only just method was the simple one we have adopted, viz: that to the place or persons first evincing decided action, or issuing "an address" as its *avant courier*, *there the ruling power belongs*. Those who *start* the enterprise for the State should have a claim to receive the direction of it! Nevertheless, it is a very *responsible position*, requiring talents to write, method to manage, and absorbing devotion of time to fulfil its weighty duties, as well as banking, printing, and postal privileges—*absolutely necessary to its existence*. We are assured that feelings of patriotism and *State* pride will forbid any one "body," not combining these essentials, to *assume it* when not capable of discharging its duties creditably to themselves or their State, but will induce them to *transfer* their right to those whom, upon due consideration, they find equal to the trust. As everything connected with this enterprise—names, *residence*, sum, ser-

vices of either sex—is to be registered and published, as a record for their descendants, such an act of patriotism would not be forgotten.

The “associations” which are necessary over a State, to procure subscribers and receive their payments, have, of course, *no powers* but those which solely appertain *to this object*. They are usually formed by the election of several directresses, secretary, and treasurer (in a “State Committee” a president, with vice-presidents, are preferable). They are to be zealous in procuring subscribers, faithful in registering names and transmitting them, together with the funds collected, to their “State Committee” *not less than twice a month*, except in sparse settlements, where action and success are slow. In case any such are acting where there is not or may not be complete State organization, they can communicate with the “central power,” or the “Central Committee” of an adjoining State.

Notwithstanding the limited powers of “associations,” if located in a town or city, if conducted with talent, energy, and generous enthusiasm, their influence can be vast—their assistance invaluable! To all such we say, in the present state of affairs, where interest in a patriotic work has to be aroused over such an extent of country, give us your talents and untiring zeal. If exerted in unison *with your “State Committee,”* without neglect of local duties, in the only way that they are needed, or can be rightly used, enlisting interest and action, not only in your own State, but any of those addressed, they cannot conflict with the power or action of either “State” or “Central Committee.” Otherwise, we would not suggest what would be subversive of the established organization—perfect and prompt obedience being necessary to its *efficiency*.

We take this occasion to refer to one to whose generous zeal and indefatigable exertions this cause is much indebted—the Mount Vernon Association of Savannah, Georgia. They would have highly adorned a more extensive sphere had the “first action” secured the “State power” to their city instead of Augusta.

To the timid we would remark, there is nothing to deter associated action with us. None can shrink more than ourself from individual notoriety or newspaper publicity of names, which we do not think absolutely necessary to the transaction of such business with *your own sex*. By arrangement with the postmaster, letters

can be safely received directed—President, Directress, or Secretary of Mount Vernon Association of ———. We confess our preference for this mode, as more in consonance with Southern feeling and manners; and it has already been adopted by the “State Committee” of Georgia—that embodiment of talent and zealous patriotism! As yet there are but *two* “State committees”—one at Augusta, Georgia; the other at Montgomery, Alabama. All communications to them, directed as described, will be promptly attended to. South Carolina, although active, being divided between two noble objects, has not yet formed hers.

We cannot finish our exposition without reminding all who become members of “associations” or “central committees” that, in enrolling themselves for the accomplishment of this patriotic object, they *virtually resign* their individual freedom of action to obtain it, and accept, in its stead, the *restraints*, as well as the *powers* and *duties* of their official position, and the obligation to discharge these faithfully *within their sphere, as well as not to interfere with any beyond it.*

Any “associated body,” therefore, purporting to be one of us, which does not, after due time, conform to the necessary regulations laid down, report to ruling powers, &c., and still continues this action after their remonstrance, will force us to regard such “body” as in opposition, and not belonging to us; to publish accordingly, so that subscribers may not be in the delusion that they are bestowing their funds to aid us. The patriotism of our ladies is of too lofty an order for us really to anticipate what could not proceed from a patriotic motive. But we wish, in this publication of the “Regulations of the Mount Vernon Southern Association,” to provide for all possible contingencies.

Ladies of the South, we have high hopes for the results of this enterprise. It is the third started to honor Washington. The first, commenced with a flourish of trumpets, processions, orations, and ended with laying a corner-stone near the Hall from which issued the Declaration of Independence. The second is slowly progressing by means which, in the words of a patriotic writer, would disgrace a mendicant. The third is yours, and oh, how much more glorious, and heart-moving the purpose! Will you fail, as the one, or allow want of generous action to disgrace your offering as the other? A thousand times, no! Pride for your

reputation as the embodiment of all that is tender, noble, and generous, must forbid it! You have but to will it, for it to be carried in triumph to a great end! Having now two objects in view, this is the more certain. Our first, is to secure and hallow the "home and grave" of the immortal Father of our country "for all coming time." But should we fail from insufficiency of generosity, time, or any unexpected obstacle or event, let us honor and protect his "sacred remains" by erecting a "mausoleum" over the sarcophagus which contains them—*the gift of a noble Northern heart*—worthy of us, and the shrine whose pilgrims will be from the ends of the earth.

We cannot conclude without presenting to your consideration the glowing description of this "enterprise" by one of Alabama's most gifted sons.

"The purchase of Mount Vernon by the women impresses us as a most admirable way to secure the property, and to set it solemnly apart to the guardianship of the hero's grave. The form of the tribute, hallowed by womanly affections and executed by womanly devotion, is the most befitting it can assume. There will be *a soul in the thing* that will be felt—a soul of life and love that will throb its own high thoughts into every pilgrim who wanders amid the shades of Mount Vernon."

A SOUTHERN MATRON.

LADIES OF CAROLINA AND THE SOUTH.

You have met at Charleston. At that great commercial emporium measures will be taken to secure the success of our mercantile world; you will, with your husbands and your friends, rejoice over the prosperity of American commerce—the rewards of American industry—the glory of the American name. The banquet hall will be filled; its tables will groan under the weight of good cheer, the wine-cup will pass around, and wit, mirth, and festivity will triumph. In the midst of your gayety, when wit sparkles most brightly, when the silvery laugh rings most merrily, hark to the funeral tone of that distant bell! What does it proclaim? Wash-

ington is forgotten! In horror will you start from that monstrous charge. Washington, our Father, our Saviour—he who snatched us from galling dependency and gave us a home among nations—he forgotten? Never.

Who dare accuse Southern men and women of that foul crime, that basest of crimes, ingratitude?

Again, that toll! It soundeth solemn, yet distinct—Washington is forgotten!

Forgotten! Why his was the name our mothers taught us first to lisp, after that of our blessed Lord—our fathers, our venerated grandparents, who suffered for, and with this noble Washington.

Many of us claim, with pride, descent from those who bore arms under him in our glorious Revolution; it is our greatest boast; *this* is America's patent nobility. How, then, can we forget? Yet still, with dark funereal knell, tolls forth again that solemn bell—Washington is forgotten!

Shall we explain why, notwithstanding our indignant denial, the charge is still repeated! The home of Washington—his beloved Vernon, whose modest walls were reared for him—his resting-place, where, wearied with the toils of statesmanship, he sought repose—where his spirit held communion with its mighty fount, the All-wise; and where, when his earthly pilgrimage was ended, he resigned his soul to Him from whom it emanated; his grave, the sacred tomb on which a nation's tears were shed, is about to be bargained for by a speculating company, while we stand idly by.

That ancient hall! Shall it be converted into a card-room, or billiard saloon? The indignant voice of every true hearted American, answers, No! And we would not that schools should be there erected—it is too sacred a spot; those hallowed shades should not resound with the merry laugh of the mischief-loving school-boy, nor yet should it be associated with the sufferings of a hospital.

This is what we wish.

To keep it in its sacredness and solemnity—to have the awed heart raised into reverence, while, with hushed footsteps and bowed head, they tread that sacred ground. We would that it should be a necropolis of the mighty dead.

Rear there your monuments. Let it be the Westminster Abbey

of America, and let each State which can boast a son worthy to be enshrined in that temple, proudly raise the monumental marble *there*; and who more worthy than your own Calhoun?

Let a mausoleum be erected over the grave of Washington—each State of this wide spread Union sending a block of marble, each with its respective coat of arms sculptured upon it.

Let Powers carve the hero as he looked in life, to be the presiding genius of the spot.

Would not this be an enterprise worthy of our undertakings? And this, ladies, is for us to do, not only by the sums which we ourselves can command, but by our influence on husband, father, son, brother, lover, or friend.

We must exert our steadfast energy if we would hush the tolling that proclaims a nation's ingratitude!

This question, ladies of the South, has been before you now for three months, and how many of you have generously offered to aid in its accomplishment; we say offered, for it is the duty of all who wish to give, to come forward and not wait to be sought.

When you look down upon your gorgeous silks and your glittering jewelry, do you remember that a tithe of that expenditure from each of you, would give us the glorious privilege of converting Mount Vernon into the Mecca of America, of making it ours, and forming it into a place that we could proudly ask the world to gaze at and see how we loved him—the shrine of liberty—the altar where a nation should send forth its ever-sounding hymn of praise?

Will Carolina say: "We have our own Calhoun to honor?"

Is Carolina so poor? Has her large heart become so cramped that she can do honor but to one? Would that Calhoun with his trumpet tone could touch your heart from that now silent grave—but no, not silent; the dust that covers Calhoun speaks eloquently to every Southern heart, irresistibly to every true-born Carolinian—and most impressively would he bid you "rescue the home and grave of Washington from insult and desecration, and then give me the honors that will comfort your hearts; *I need* nothing in Carolina; *I live* in the hearts of her children, and well can wait while this most pressing necessity is attended to."

Ours is indeed a pressing necessity; the hand of the spoiler is stretched forth to seize upon our sacred things. If we interfere

not, like the ancient Jews, we will have to "hang our harp upon the willows," and mourn over departed greatness.

America will be a by-word and a proverb, a hissing and a reproach. We spent thousands to welcome Lafayette, the gallant stranger who came to aid us in our struggle for liberty—shall we do less for Washington, for him who labored all his life for us?

We hear of no adventurer, who has been imprisoned for opinion's sake in the monarchical world of Europe, but, when he comes over, thousands are expended in the feasting which welcomes him to our land of freedom.

Will we grudge to Washington his share of that so freely given to every foreigner of note? He who braved for us the scaffold—who won for us our present inheritance? Every singer who comes to our shores from the Old World, gathers a harvest of gold.

Will we refuse it to redeem the spot where Washington sent forth his psalms of thanksgiving for a nation born? Come up to our aid, then, every true-hearted woman of the South.

Send in your contributions, every gentleman who has the nobility of soul to feel with us.

Let each one subscribe what he can; the one dollar subscriptions were intended for the poor, those who could afford to give no more.

Let the papers proclaim to the world how generously and eagerly all united in raising the sum necessary to the holy cause of redeeming Mount Vernon, and making it a monument of the gratitude of the ladies, to him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

AUGUSTA.

[From the "Mobile Tribune," March 8.]

MOUNT VERNON—TO THE RESCUE!

Our readers will be interested in the address to the ladies which we publish this morning. It is from the pen of one who, by her sex, has a right to the attention of those to whom it is addressed. It is also very cleverly written, with a little touch of irony that adds to its piquancy.

We can hardly suppose that the ladies stand aloof from this "womanly enterprise" because of a belief in its impropriety. If a woman have no interests beyond the little circle which surrounds her family duties; if to peep thence into the wholesome air which may be found without the narrow round of cares, be not within her office, then we shall be obliged to disown the merits of nearly half the virtuous and generous deeds of the past—half its genius.

But a woman is as much a part of the acting, breathing world as a man; and, although her sphere may be different, it is a difference only of kind, not responsibility. We have a total aversion to a woman who endues herself with the unmentionables, and simply because if she do well what it is universally admitted she has a right to do, she will have before her as much of noble work as she can accomplish.

A woman may not with propriety gird on a sword and lead in armies; she may not command a ship; she may not mingle in legislative debate; she may not throw herself into the rude encounters of the political arena—but because she may not do these and similar things, which are apparently so antagonistic to those traits of her nature which make her lovable and potent, it does not follow that she is fit for nothing but a drudge or a trifler—her destiny oscillating between that of a slave and the insipid elegancies of a seraglio.

Wherever there is a pure sentiment, there is a woman's sphere; wherever good may be done—wherever noble and virtuous thoughts may be inspired—there lies a duty for a woman to perform, whether it lead beyond her household or not; and this duty is so imperative, that it cannot be shunned without prejudice to her dignity and influence.

What a shocking notion is this that a woman cannot cease to be a drudge for the purpose of lifting herself up to the level of a heroic thought, or inspire, by ceasing to be a slave, something more respectable than the right mode of measuring out the ingredients of a pudding! Heaven help us, if this sort of idea get into the heads of the sex!

To rescue the home of Washington from spoliation is the peculiar business of a woman. At the sick bed, at the grave, she has power; here is the grave of one to whom she, equally with the other sex, owes a debt of eternal gratitude. To save it from harm, is her duty particularly; and any man who should condemn her for the act deserves to die where there is no gentle voice to soothe his passing moments.

But the excuse is ridiculous. It is made from idleness or insanity, and deserves no respect.

We trust, then, that the appeals we have already published, and that within our columns to-day will provoke some immediate action. If it be general, the form is not essential. It is only necessary that measures be taken to carry the object to every part of the State. If here in Mobile a judicious circular were printed and sent to all quarters, and placed in each locality within the hands of one lady who would take an interest in it, the end would be accomplished at once. Only the most trifling expense is necessary; and within three months after a simultaneous movement of this sort were made, the home of Washington would be forever saved from desecration; and forever hereafter, too, the deed would be appealed to as an evidence that the women of this age are not unworthy of the greatness which its men will impress upon the pages of history.

LADIES OF MOBILE.

We take it for granted that you have all heard of a great scheme which has been suggested to you by one of your own sex, for the purchase of Mount Vernon. To secure this treasure and this triumph, you must be willing to give, not only money, but time, interest, and zeal to an undertaking which, grand, noble, and

national, comes yet within the legitimate sphere of womanly enterprise.

Read, then, the second appeal of this "Southern Matron," whose patriotism we commend to your imitation. Mothers, wives, daughters of Alabama, listen to her touching voice; to you its pleadings are especially addressed.

You have time, talents, and patriotism enough among you, if you would only give them to this noble cause. But some of you are profoundly engaged in the superintendence of flounces—some are wasting your enthusiasm over novels—some are wearing out your knees before the shrines of your household gods—some of you are so eager to be thought helpless and feminine (by the sex that likes to protect), that you would faint at the idea of doing anything spirited—and some of you are so modest that we never hear you lisp out your "aversions to being conspicuous," without thinking of the young lady who vowed "she never would get married—no, never! It would shock her to see her name in the newspapers!!"

Ladies, permit us to address a word to each one of you.

Some evenings since, we attended the theatre, where, like the "*Diable Boiteux*," unseen, we saw everybody. What a parterre of living flowers lay beneath us!

Side by side were flashing jewels and vapory muslins; starry eyes and snowy necks. Certainly you were a pretty sight, ladies: and with your diamonds, your wreaths, and your laces, you linger in our memory one such perfect whole of loveliness, that Fancy, in the fulness of her satisfaction, refuses to dismember or individualize you. We could not help wondering occasionally how much soul there was in that beautiful body. We followed you in spirit to your elegant homes, where you lounge upon sofas of satin, or bend your graceful heads over gossamer needlework or absorbing novel. Still beautiful—still seductive! But come forth, pretty Sybarites, and let us see whether any hearts are beating under all this mass of millinery and upholstery. Come forth with your influence to help this scheme of earnest minds. Add to your filagree graces the sterling virtue of high purpose, and link your names with that of this "Southern Matron," whom your sons, in future manhood, will rise up and call blessed.

And you—women of such timorous nature that, like little mice,

you peep in and out of the world of action without ever venturing from your homes—learn (and be not frightened at the disclosure), that in this great world, you have your social duties, as imperative to your country as the political battles of your husbands and your brothers. Apart they be from one another, but both are obligatory—and if you wish worthily to fill up the entire sphere of your womanly duty, you must not shrink from them. Are you afraid of the notoriety so dreadful to the young lady, whom we had the honor of introducing to your notice just now? Afraid of seeing your name in a newspaper as the member of an honorable association, from the fear of signing it over to the printer's devil? Away with such puerility!

We are persuaded that it is in the power of woman to be all that it is required of her to be, either by society or by home. To few belong the privilege of intellect, accomplishments, fascination, and domestic virtues. But I have known the same woman to write a musical criticism who, on the same day, had made a plum pudding—and I have also seen a woman deeply interested in an expedition to the Poles, who took excellent care of her family. So that, without ceasing to be useful at home, ladies, you may be useful abroad, and ornamental too. Once more, then, we implore of you not to shut yourselves up in the mere discharge of your home duties, looking out upon the world beyond you as a *terra incognita*, which it is no business of yours to explore. We hope to greet you as industrious and efficient members of the "Mount Vernon Association."

To you, *Women of Mobile*, whose intellect is unquestionable—to you whom God has gifted with knowledge of your high vocation as wives, friends, and mothers of those who fight "The Battle of Life," we need not point out your responsibilities in this matter. To your patriotism we leave this cause and its merits. You are in no danger of confounding the pleadings of a patriotic woman with the clamors of a strapping virago. Your husbands and brothers will point with pride to you as representatives of true women.

And now, one word to you all. I maintain that in your sex, as well as in men, there is that instinctive love of country which is common to Esquimaux or Ethiop, Moslem or Christian. And in proof of what I say, I ask you all—whether smothered with roses

in the parlor, or rosy kisses in the nursery—whether you study “Soyer” or “Shakspeare”—whether you dance the polka or scour the pantry—I ask you, one and all, if, at the theatre, you did not feel some love of country welling up from your hearts, as a *Woman* on the stage grasped her country’s flag and pealed forth “*Salut à la France!*” Not one of you so dead that her eye did not glisten with sympathetic patriotism. Nay—it is no use for me to plead again. Your hearts *are* enlisted in Washington’s behalf.

We hear that already a whispering has taken place among you on this subject. Raise your voices, ladies, and fear not. Call a meeting; elect a President, Treasurer, and other necessary officers. Issue circulars; open subscription lists—and the scheme is under way.

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